

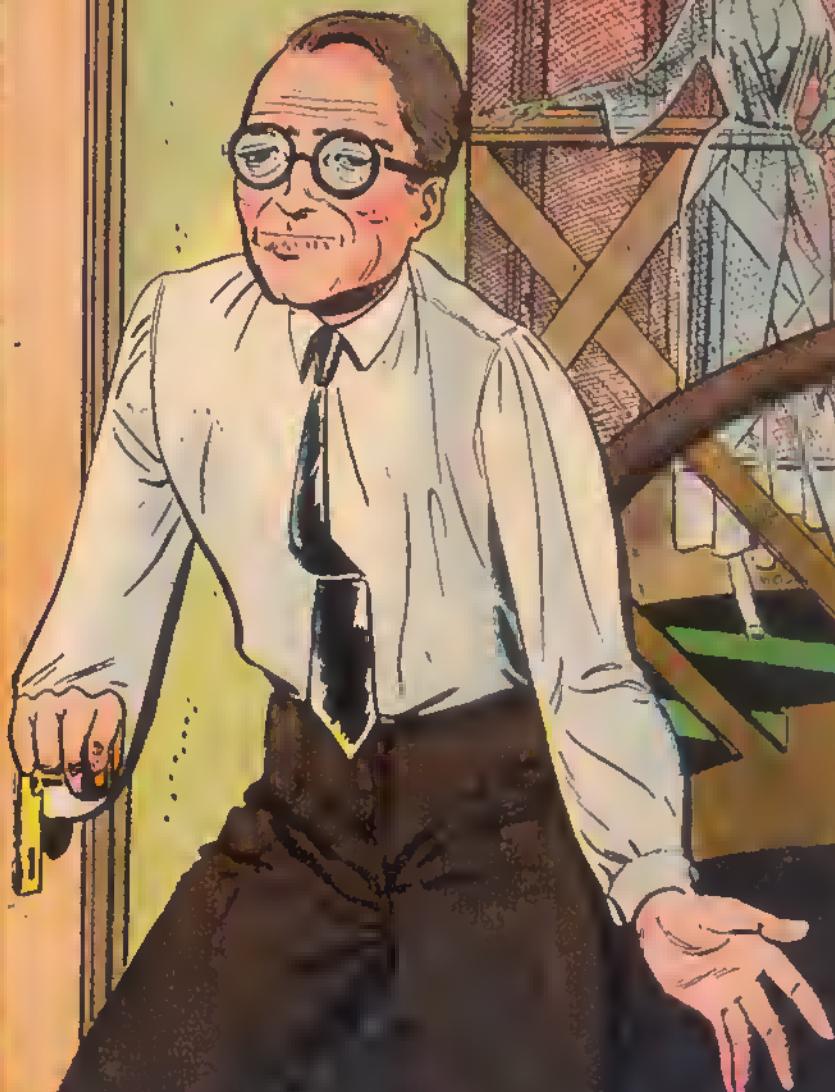
LAW BREAKERS

10¢
CDC

NO 12

SUSPENSE STORIES

ALL RIGHT.. YOU CAN
COME OUT NOW, BERYL.
I HOPE THOSE HUNGRY
INSECTS DIDN'T
SCARE YOU TOO
MUCH !



LOU
MORALES

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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MORTARS

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PT BOATS

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LAWBREAKERS

H ELLO, DEAR READERS. IF YOU'RE NOT TOO SQUEAMISH, READ THE NEXT EIGHT PAGES... YOU'LL BE TREATED TO A BRIEF REVIEW IN NATURE STUDY... MAINLY INSECTS... AND THE BEAUTY IN...

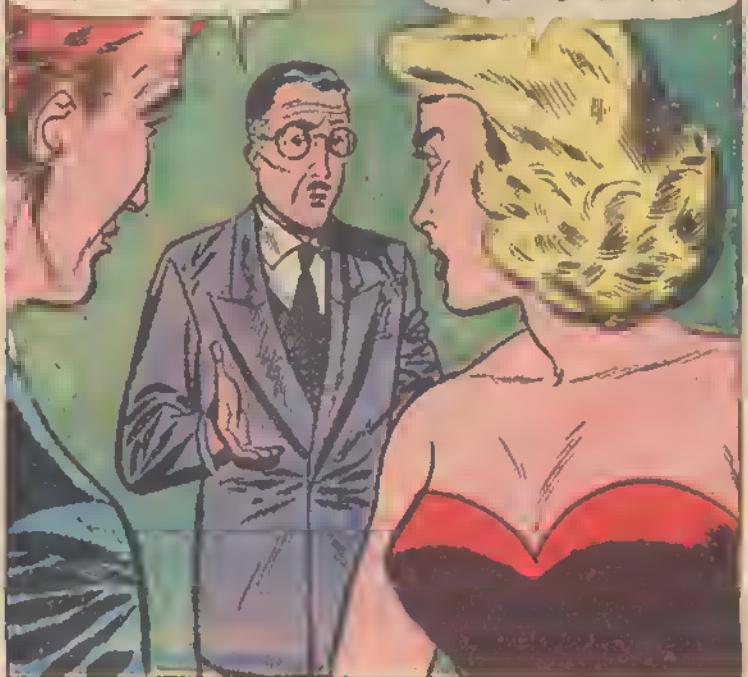


THERE GOES BERYL FLIRTING WITH THE YOUNGER INSTRUCTORS AGAIN! IF IT WEREN'T BECAUSE DEAN FOSTER CAME PERSONALLY TO PICK MY WIFE AND ME UP, I WOULD NEVER HAVE ATTENDED THIS PRE-HOLIDAY GATHERING!



IT'S RATHER LATE, DEAR,
YOU MUST BE TIRED. I'LL
GET OUR COATS.

BUT.. BUT, GORDON,
WE SO RARELY GO
OUT, I JUST WANTED...



LAWBREAKERS

TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME BY DANCING WITH EVERY MALE IN THE PLACE?

BUT, DARLING, EVEN THE DOCTOR SAID THAT WITH A WEAK HEART YOU COULD AT LEAST WALTZ! YOU JUST NEVER WANT TO DANCE WITH ME!

WELL, TONIGHT YOU OVER-DID YOUR GAYETY, DEAR.. AND ALL TOO OBVIOUSLY ! TAXI!



FLIRTING! ALWAYS FLIRTING WITH MEN! I'LL TEACH HER A LESSON SHE'LL NEVER FORGET!



AND AFTER SHE'S SENT HER BAGGAGE DOWN, AND ABOUT READY TO LEAVE THE HOUSE... THE CLOSET! HEH, HEH, HEH.. THE BLACK CLOSET!



LAWBREAKERS

OH, GORDON.
HOW
WONDERFUL!

OF COURSE, YOU'LL HAVE TO
GO BY YOURSELF... I HAVE SO
MUCH WORK TO GET DONE...



YOU KNOW I'D BE MUCH
HAPPIER IF YOU WERE GOING
WITH ME, GORDON... DID
YOU CALL A TAXI?

YES, DEAR. I TOLD HIM
TO MAKE SURE YOUR
LUGGAGE GETS ON
BOARD SHIP... THAT
WE'D BE DOWN LATER.



DID YOU TELL OUR
NEIGHBORS, THE CALDWELLS
AND DEAN FOSTER'S WIFE
YOU WERE LEAVING
TODAY, DEAR?

YES, I DID. I'LL
FIX US UP A DRINK
TO WISH ME BON
VOYAGE.



AS BERYL TURNED TO GO INTO THE KITCHEN...



LAWBREAKERS

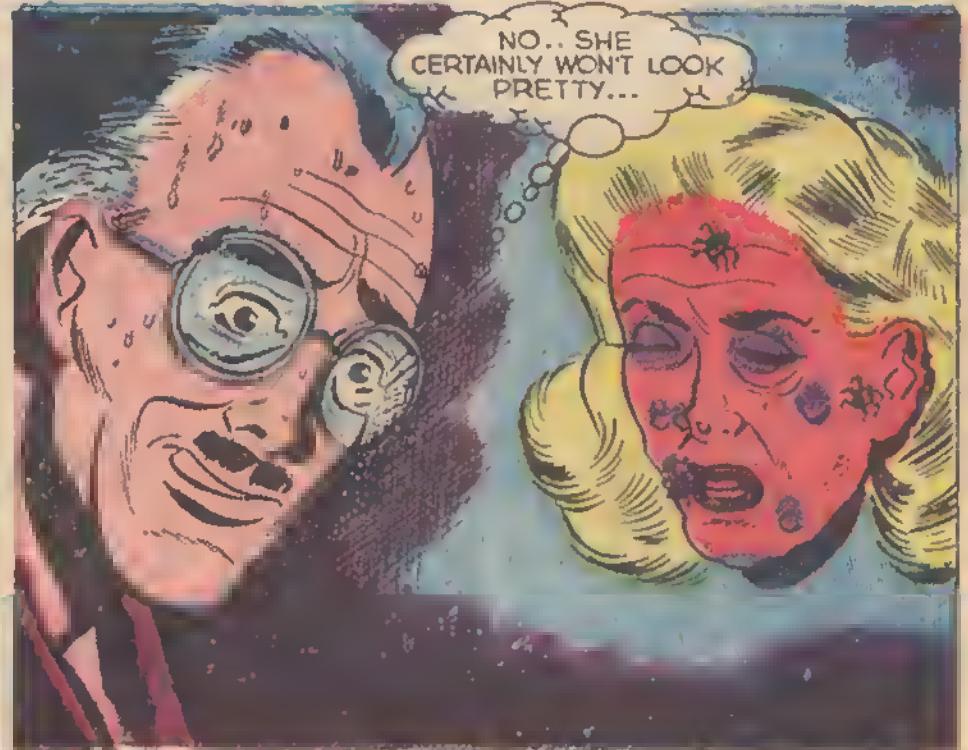
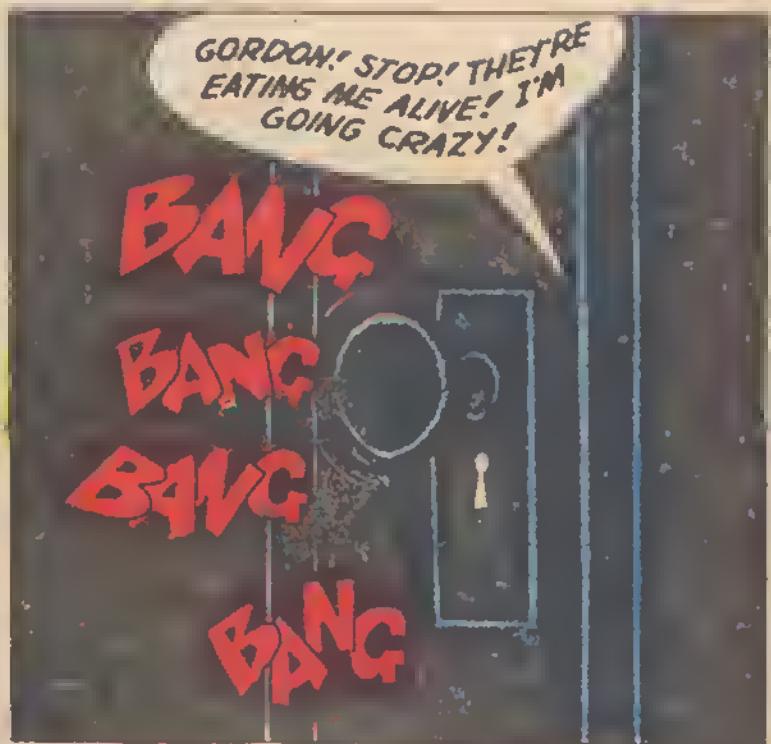
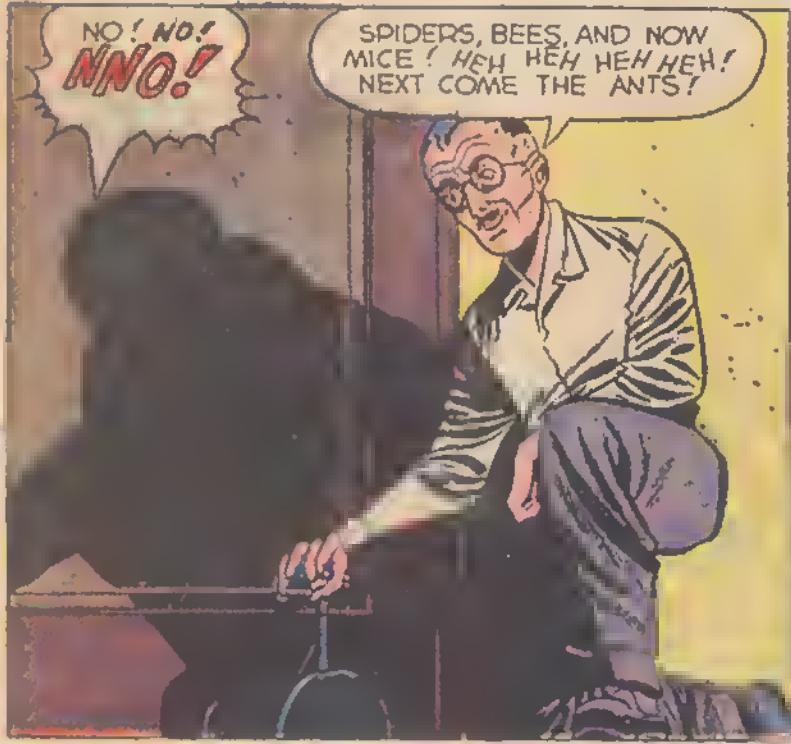
NOW, MY DEAR BERYL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER EVERY TIME YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF THE BELLE OF THE BALL...

GORDON! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? LET ME OUT OF THIS CLOSET!

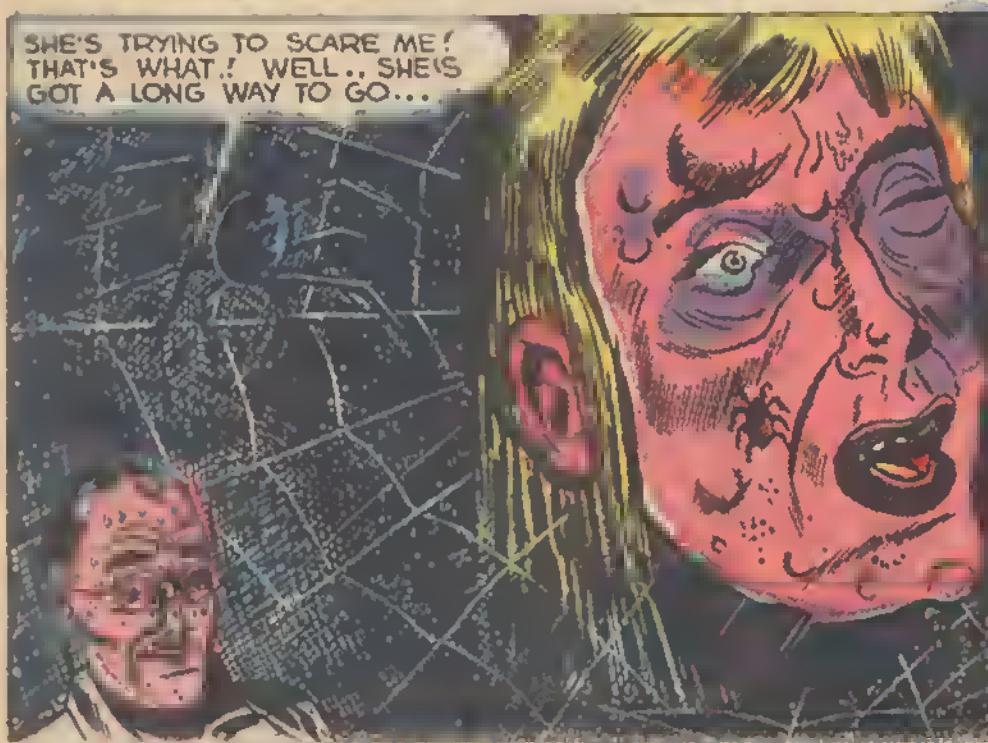
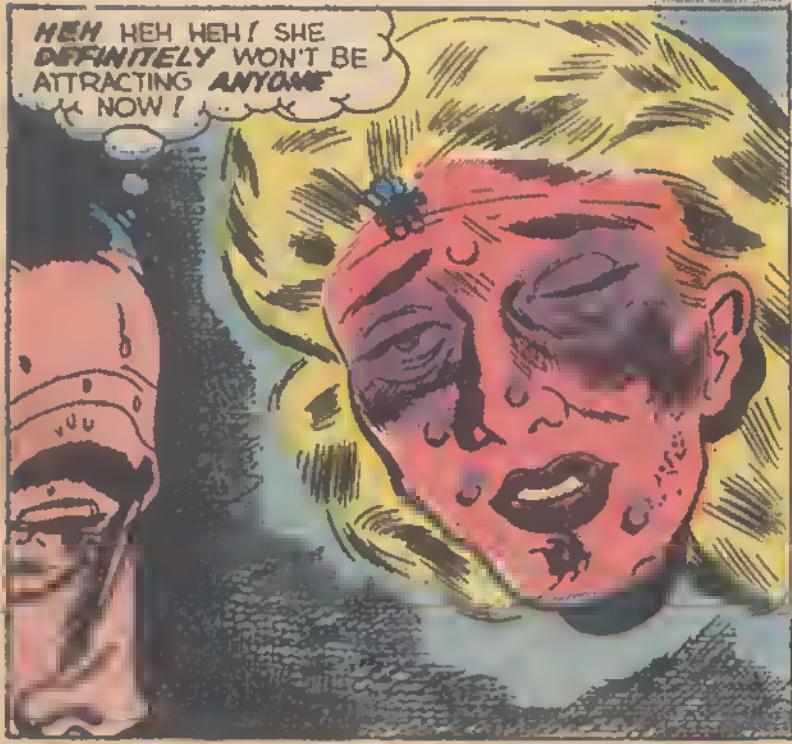
DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF MRS. HILLER... YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY SOON... VERY SOON...



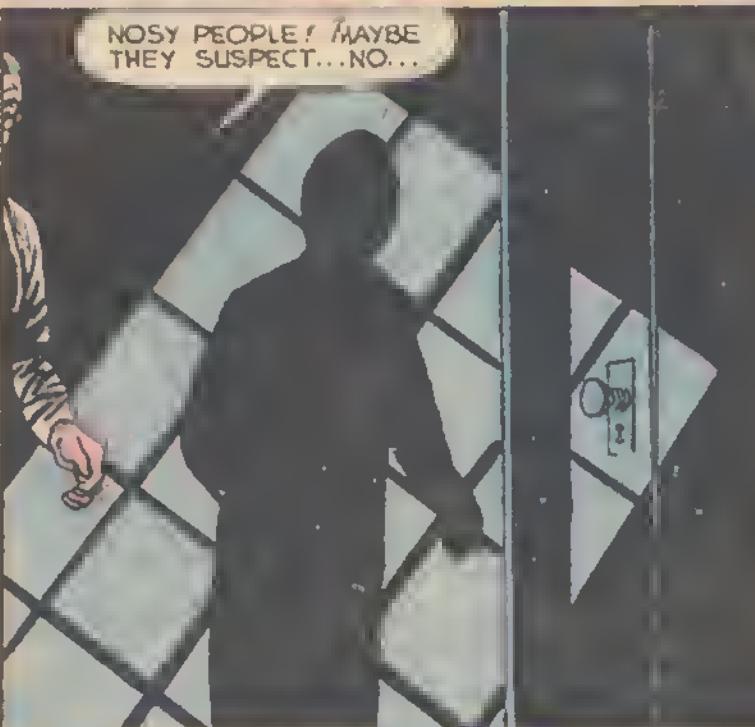
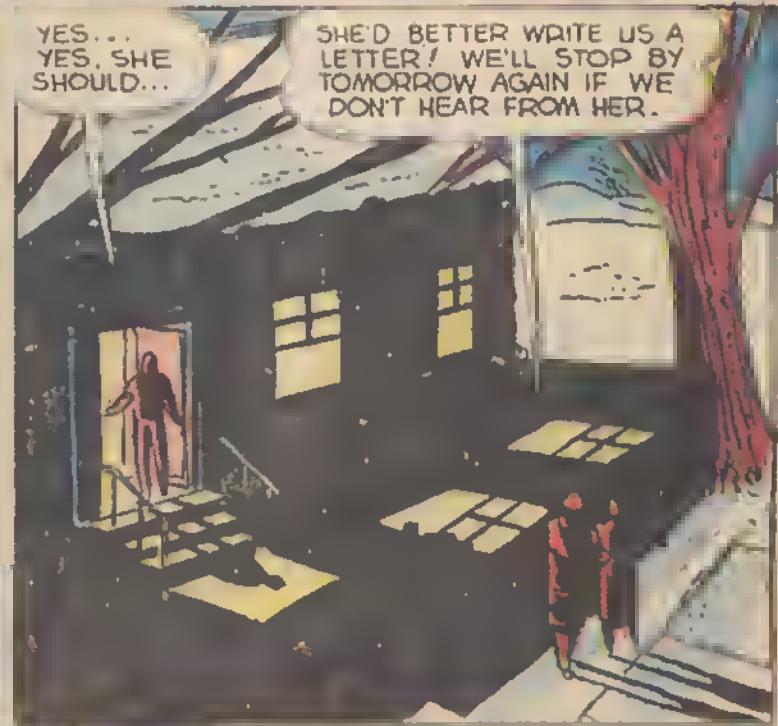
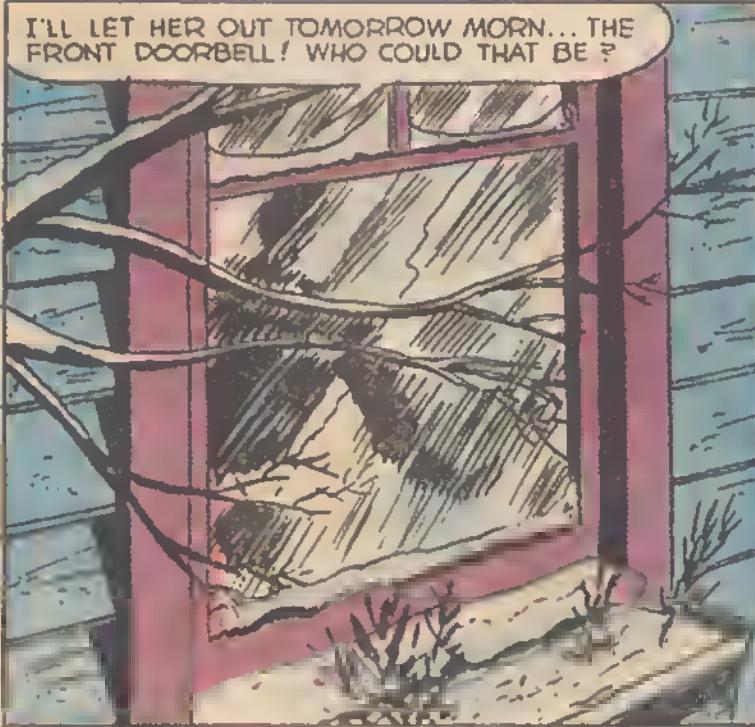
LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

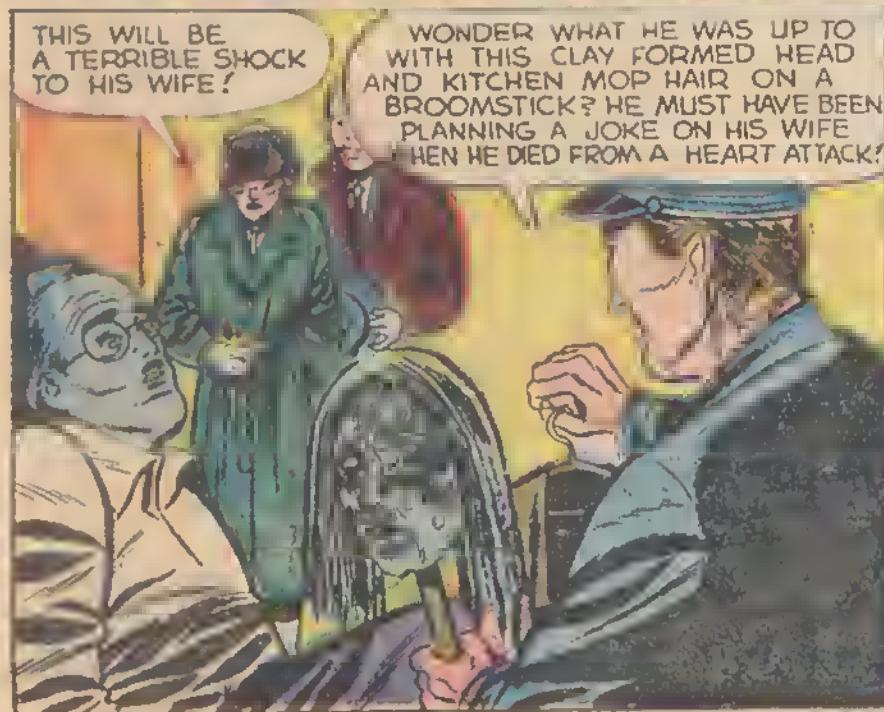
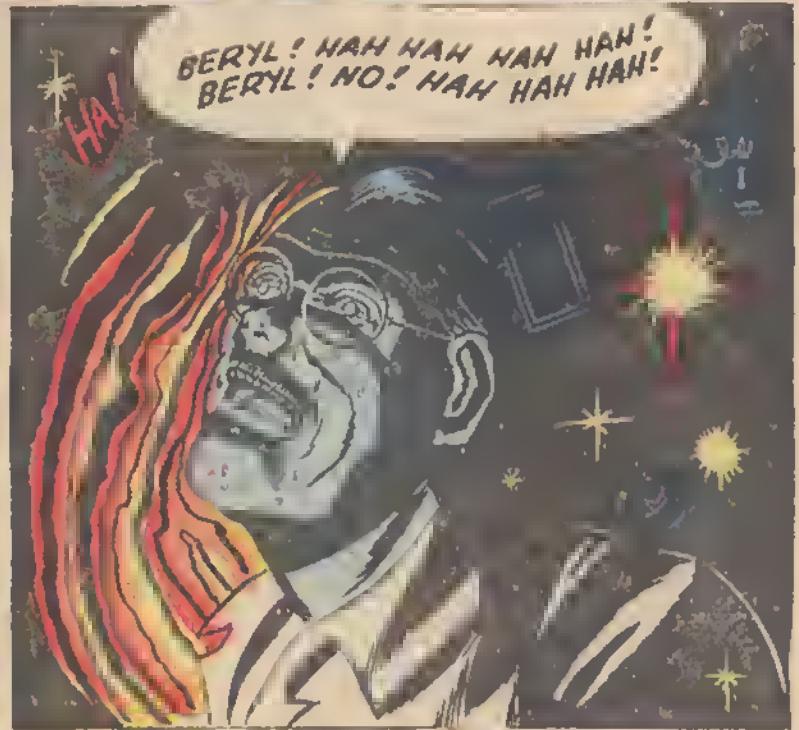


LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

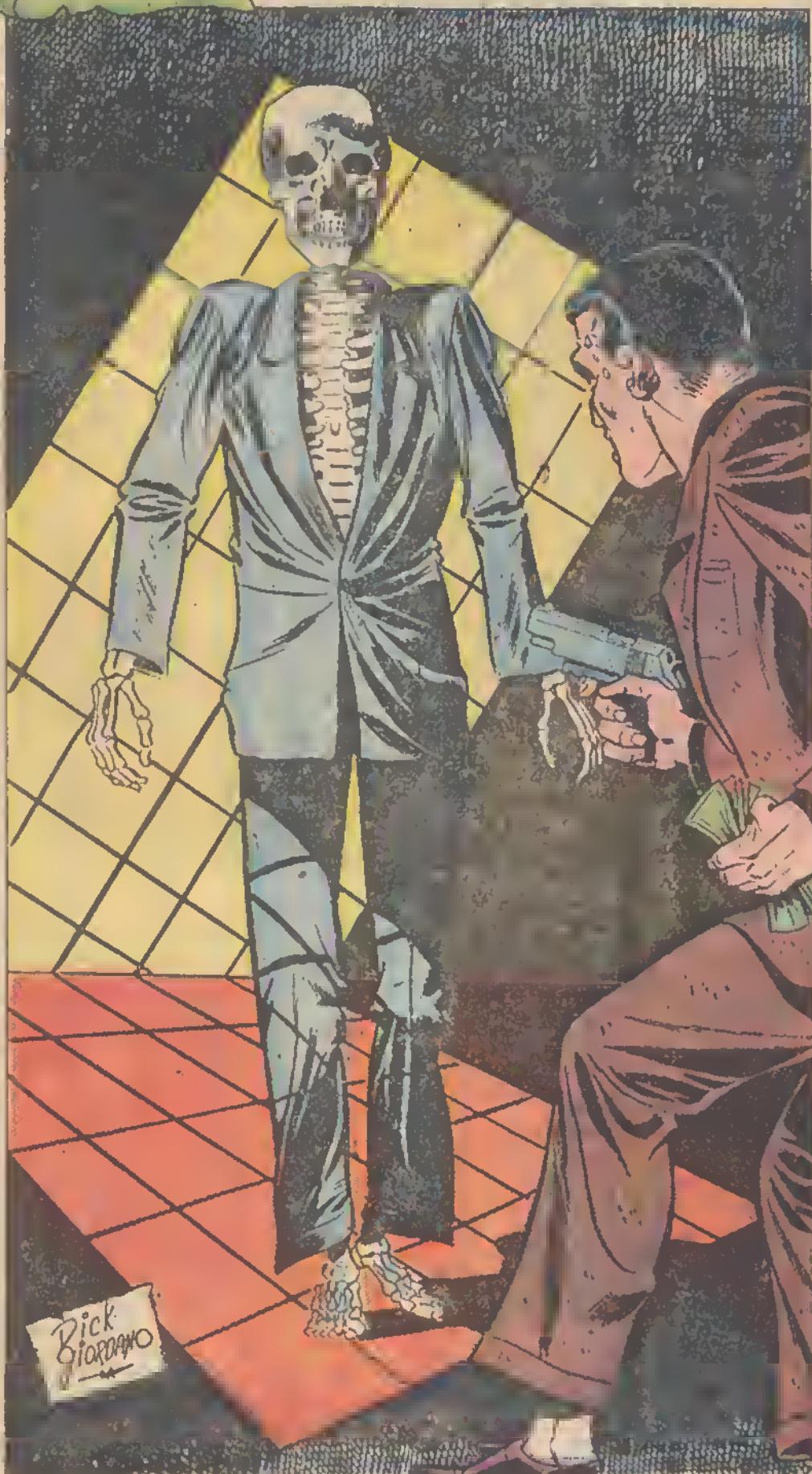
BERYL? PAY ATTENTION. I'M GOING TO LET YOU OUT, BUT I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW UNBEAUTIFUL YOU CAN GET! I'VE BROUGHT YOUR HAND MIRROR...YOU'LL NEVER WANT...



LAWBREAKERS

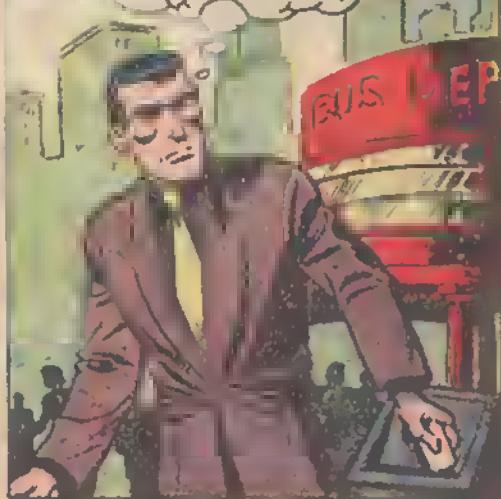
HE WAS A STRANGER TO TOWN... AND HE USED A GLEAMING .45 AS HIS MACABRE CALLING-CARD. A FISTFUL OF QUICK DOUGH WAS WHAT HE WAS SEARCHING FOR, BUT WHAT HE FOUND WAS THAT...

DEATH WEARS A BRIGHT BLUE SUIT!



WHEN THE 4:30 BUS PULLED INTO THE DOWNTOWN DEPOT THAT AFTERNOON, THERE WERE 36 PASSENGERS ON BOARD. ONE OF THEM WAS A STRANGER WHO SLIPPED AWAY UNNOTICED...

NOT ONE OF THEM EVEN LOOKED AT ME! I DITCH THIS TICKET AND NO ONE CAN PROVE I WAS EVEN HERE...

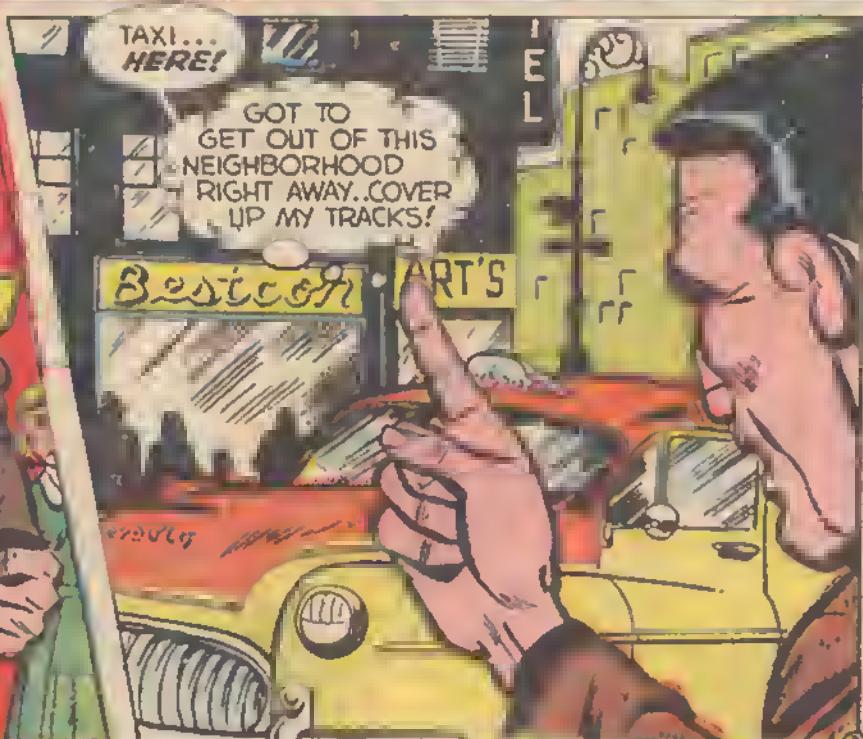


LAWBREAKERS

I KNOCK OVER THIS JOINT, THEN HIGHTAIL IT OUT OF TOWN... AND THEY'LL THINK A GHOST PULLED THE JOB! NOT ONE OF THESE CRUMBS'LL EVER REMEMBER SEEING ME!

DON'T LET OUT A YIP... THIS IS A STICK-UP! GET OVER TO THAT REGISTER AND EMPTY IT.. FAST!

W-WHAT? S-SURE...



LAWBREAKERS

FOR AN HOUR THE STRANGER SWITCHED FROM ONE TAXI TO ANOTHER, CRISS-CROSSING CRAZILY BACK AND FORTH ACROSS TOWN. FINALLY...

NOT ONE OF THEM HACKIES SAW MY FACE. NOW, IF I CAN JUST HOLE UP FOR THE NIGHT...



YOU LOOK TO ME LIKE A SIZE 38. NOW LET'S SEE... HMM... HERE'S A NICE GARMENT...



THIS SHOULD FIT... ONLY THERE'S ONE TROUBLE WITH IT. I SHOULD TELL YOU...



GIVE IT HERE! THERE'S YOUR DOUGH ON THE COUNTER!

ABOUT THE SUIT, MISTER... I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...



LAWBREAKERS

WITHOUT WAITING TO HEAR WHAT THE PAWNSHOP OWNER HAD TO SAY, THE STRANGER HURRIED AWAY THROUGH STREETS HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. AT LAST HE SAW WHAT HE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR...



45 MINUTES LATER, AFTER INFINITE TWISTINGS AND TURNINGS THROUGH A MAZE OF STREETS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TO HIM, THE STRANGER EMERGED IN A SECTION HE HADN'T VISITED BEFORE...



LAWBREAKERS



SO YOU FIGURE TO PLEAD
GUILTY TO **THAT** JOB, EH...
AND TRY TO SQUIRM OUT OF
THE LITTLE STUNT YOU PULLED
TWO NIGHTS AGO? DON'T
MAKE ME LAUGH, STRANGER
...ROBBERY'S SMALL POTATOES...



LAWBREAKERS

BUT THIS ISN'T *MY* SUIT! I BOUGHT IT IN A PAWNSHOP TONIGHT, THEN I BURNT MY OWN! Y-YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME...

WHERE'S THIS PAWNSHOP LOCATED, EH? AND EXACTLY WHERE'D YOU DO THE BURNING?

I-I DON'T KNOW. TONIGHT'S THE FIRST TIME I WAS EVER IN THIS TOWN... AND IN THE DARK ALL THE STREETS LOOKED ALIKE TO ME!

THAT'S THE PHONIEST ALIBI I EVER HEARD, MISTER. AND SO'S YOUR STORY THAT NO ONE COULD TESTIFY YOU ARRIVED ON THE 4:30 BUS BECAUSE YOU WANTED IT THAT WAY. LOCK HIM UP, BOYS!



W-WAIT! THE BARTENDER... HE SAW ME! HE'LL REMEMBER I WAS WEARING A DIFFERENT SUIT... A BROWN ONE WITH A RIPPED SLEEVE! ASK HIM...

ASK OLD FREDDY OF THE DEPOT BAR TO IDENTIFY YOU, EH? I SUPPOSE YOU'LL CLAIM NEXT THAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS BLIND!

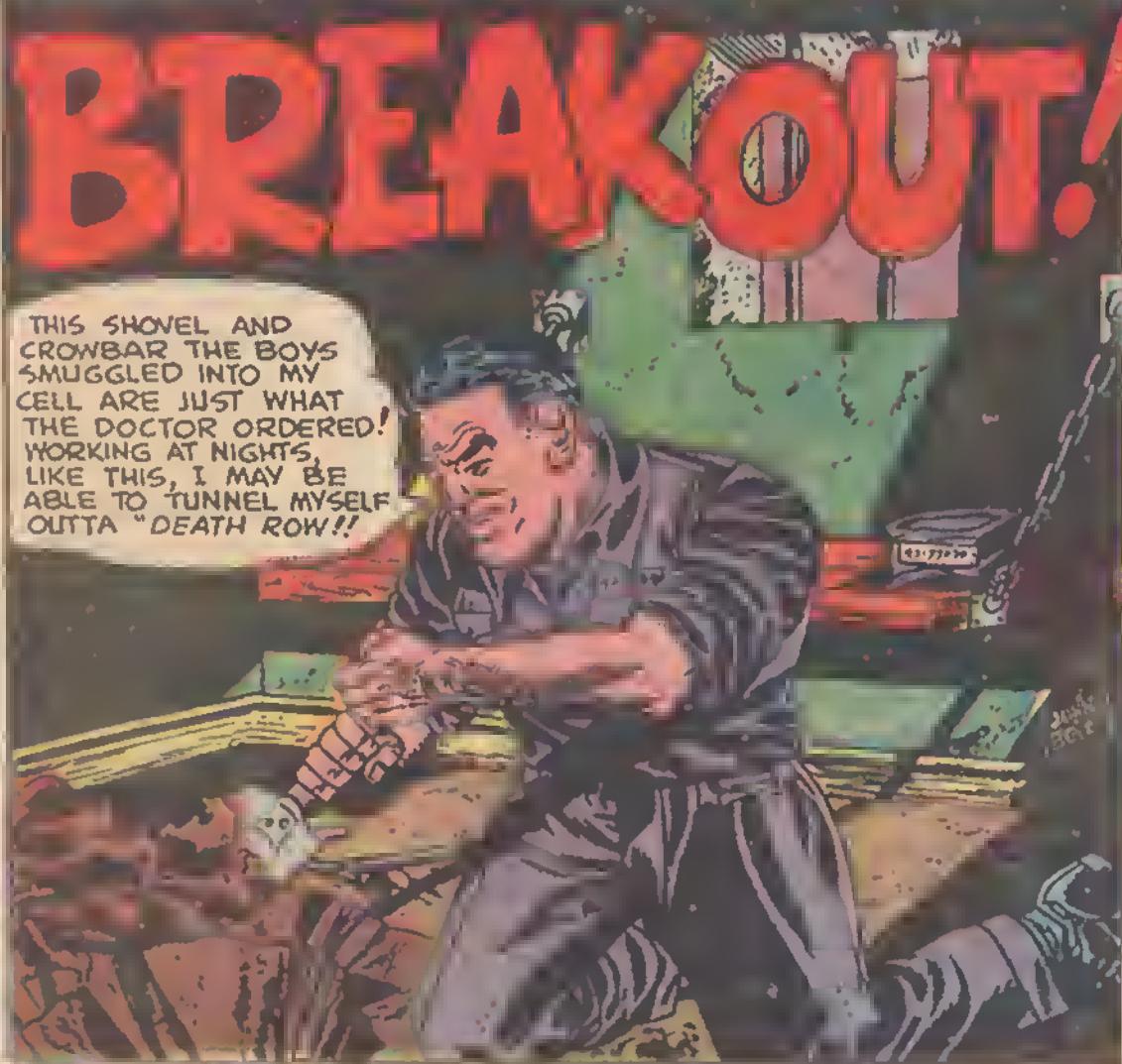
THE STRANGER WAS DRAGGED AWAY AND BOOKED FOR MURDER. AND THROUGH THE LONG NIGHTS, AS THE DATE OF HIS ELECTROCUTION NEARS, HE CONTINUES HIS MAD CHANT...



LAWBREAKERS

WITH THE DATE OF HIS EXECUTION JUST ONE MONTH AWAY, SAM THOMAS RESOLVED TO GAMBLE HIS LIFE ON A...

WORKING FEVERISHLY EVERY NIGHT, DESPERATE SAM THOMAS SLOWLY INCHEO HIS WAY FOWARD....



THE DAYS CONTINUED TO TICK BY, AND THEN...

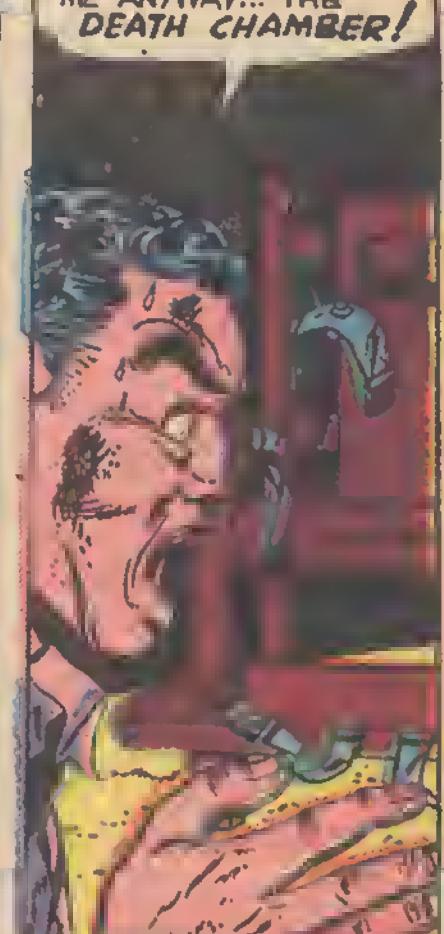
ONLY TWO DAYS TO GO 'TIL MY TIME RUNS OUT! IT'S GOTTA BE NOW... UGHH! OR NEVER! ONCE I CRACK MY WAY THROUGH THIS STUFF!



BROKE THROUGH! NOW TO WIGGLE THROUGH... GET MY BEARINGS... AND COMPLETE. UGHH!... MY BREAKOUT! H-WONER WHERE I AM?



N-NO... IT CAN'T BE! A- ALL THAT BACK-BREAKING WORK TO WIND UP WHERE THEY WANTED TO SEND ME ANYWAY... THE DEATH CHAMBER!





THE GHOST OF JUSTICE

All eyes in the room were focused on the big electric clock which hung on the wall. The second hand was going around and ticking out the life of a man. Suddenly the telephone bell rang and Big Bob Daly, boss of the mob, answered. He listened attentively and then made but one remark.

"Fine."

He then turned to the rest of the men in that room and spake what they all wanted to hear.

"Frank Kassel was electrocuted at 10:05. The doctor pronounced him dead. Now we can organize the territory on the other side of the river. If they don't take our slot machines, then we'll blast them to pieces."

All the men left the room except Jim Gunter, Big Bob's lieutenant. Jim spoke what was on his mind.

"Did we have to frame Frank? Why couldn't you let me rub him out? I always felt he was a copper who joined us to get the goods on you."

"This electrocution proves he wasn't a copper," replied Big Bob. "When Frank joined our mob he was recommended by Lou Simpers, who said Frank worked for him in Cleveland. I sort of got suspicious when we spotted Frank nasing around my desk. So we framed him for the killing of that storekeeper on Pine Street. I figured if Frank was a copper they would have to come out with it at the trial."

The electric light blinked twice. That was the signal that a message was coming in on the private phone. It also meant that Jim had to get out the office. It wasn't a secret that somewhere in town there was a "Big Bass"

who really gave the orders to the mob. The "Big Bass" always knew what was going to happen and was someone high in politics. Big Bob spoke softly on the phone while Jim hung around outside in the corridor. Suddenly Jim looked up and saw what had to be a ghost.

"Frank," he managed to get past his lips. "You were just put away in the hot seat. What kind of a trick is this?" And then recovering his senses, he went for the special gun he carried in the shoulder holster. It was equipped with a silencer. He got his finger on the trigger but Frank grabbed him in a powerful embrace that felt like the jaws of a steel vise.

"Take your finger off that trigger or you'll kill yourself," said the small man who should have been dead. But the suggestion came a fraction of a second too late. There was a dull click and a body dropped to the floor. Then a stream of blood began to trickle over his clothing. Jim's eyes were still open but his heart no longer was beating. And there was fear written all over his face. Frank opened the door to the room and saw Big Bob replace the telephone.

"Still taking orders from the Big Boss, eh?" said Frank in a voice that sounded unearthly. "He just told you not to worry. I was dead and couldn't be a copper. Now you can move in on Steve's territory. Wipe out his boys if Steve refuses to play ball with you."

Big Bob blinked twice to make certain he wasn't looking at an illusion or a ghost. He was convinced that he was speaking to a real live person. He looked through the door as though to try to find Jim.

"Jim is dead if you happen to be looking for him," said Frank. "And don't try to operate that little trick gun you have in your sleeve or you'll be committing suicide."

It took but a slight shift to get that .40 derringer into position and a bullet left the barrel. There was a metal paper weight on

the cask in front of Fronk. The bullet hit the metal and rebounded, striking Big Bob on the forehead. A trickle of blood ran down his face as the gang leader died.

Walter Simpson, head of the Federal Crime Bureau wasn't exactly a happy man as he sat in his special car with his assistant Burt Horton.

"I have a funny feeling something has gone wrong with our plans. Fronk left the prison through the back entrance and drove away in his car at 10:15. If anything should happen to him now that we have gone so far I would feel terrible."

"All this was Fronk's idea from the start," pointed out Agent Burt Horton. "He said it was well worth the gamble with his life if he could get the goods on this vicious gang that is threatening to become all powerful not only in this state but across the entire country. So you played along with his idea. He posed as a gangster. When they framed him for a murder he said it was a natural. Make out he would be electrocuted and he could come back as a ghost."

"Fronk said he would contact us as soon as he visited the gang leaders. We aren't to move a muscle until we hear from him," replied Walter Simpson. "Call it intuition or whatever you want. There's just a funny feeling running down my spine that this case is going to have a different ending than we anticipated."

From the outside, Corriger's Garage looked no different than the other five garages on Main Street. But behind the mask of respectability it contained the meeting place of the members of the gang. Just now Emile Fremer was seated around a table with the other five hoods, playing poker. Actually the room was part of the large service elevator which moved up and down and thus brought the men to their secret meeting place on the top floor.

"Something's up," announced Emile to the others. "I tried calling the boss when I went out but no luck. When we finish, I'll run over and see him. I know he has some work cut out for us."

When he finished speaking he looked again at the cards in his hand. He was about to draw two cards when he noticed another person next to the table.

"Fronk," he gulped. "It can't be... why you are dead."

"Just continue playing and keep your hands on the table," ordered Fronk. "I see three shoulder holsters and the rest of you carry your guns in your hip pockets. Of course I am dead. Just come back from beyond the grave to wipe you all out. I don't

mean I will kill you. You will all kill yourselves."

"He's no ghost," shouted Emile to the others. "Let's finish him off. This is some kind of a trick. Ten to one he really was a copper."

In his anxiety to get up, Emile collided with one of the other men. The table went over and hit the elevator switch. There was darkness and the elevator started to descend quickly. The cable snapped and the elevator and all its occupants plunged to the pit below. Then the roof housing which held the elevator machinery tumbled down into the pit. There were a few moments and then silence as death claimed all of the men.

His Honor, Mayor Bernard Bigler looked down to the street and realized how small people can look. Especially when you had the penthouse on the twenty-seventh floor of the Majestic Apartments.

"Like ants they crawl on their way," he said half aloud. And then a voice gave him a start.

"Like ants you have treated them. Stepped on them and killed them when it suited your purpose. You are the brains behind the gang. But they are all dead. Only you are alive."

His Honor looked at the man who had entered his apartment. There was no way getting past the two guards who were stationed outside.

"You are Fronk Kessel," gosped the Mayor. "You died in the electric chair according to the radio broadcast. But if you are here then it is quite evident you aren't dead. I'll call the police and tell them to come here at once and arrest you."

"It is you who should be arrested. I notice on your table you have some papers that would send you to prison for the rest of your life."

The mayor backed up slowly to the wall and lifted his hand high above his head. There were two old civil war swords on hooks. He wanted to grab one and slash Fronk. As he touched one, the other fell and went right through his neck. He fell to the floor and soon was dead.

Walter Simpson heard the report from one of his men that every one in the Dolly gang had been found dead. And now it was known that the dead mayor had been the brains behind the gang.

"It must have been poor Fronk and yet it couldn't have been."

"Ten minutes after he left the prison in his car he stopped for a traffic light and his heart quit. One of those heart attacks you never expect!"

THE END

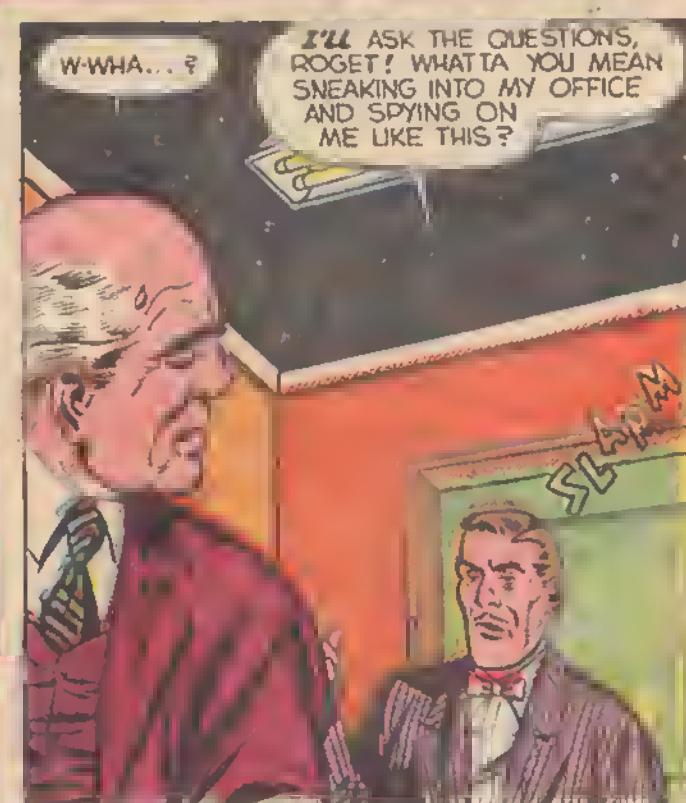
LAWBREAKERS

MARTIN ROGET'S DILEMMA, DEAR READER, SHOULD GIVE YOU MUCH FOOD FOR THOUGHT, FOR POOR MARTIN REFUSED TO STOMACH HIS PARTNER'S UNPALATABLE BUSINESS PRACTICES, AND THAT LED TO...

MURDER ON RYE



THIS IS INCREDIBLE! ACCORDING TO THESE BOOKS.. HENRY BULLER'S BEEN CHEATING ME FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS!



LAWBREAKERS

DON'T TRY TO BLUFF ME, BULLER! I'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS.. AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'VE BEEN TAMPERING WITH THESE ACCOUNT BOOKS AND...

DON'T GET SANCTIMONIOUS, ROGET! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN A GILDED LILY, EITHER! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WHISPER TO THE POLICE...



...ABOUT THE PART YOU PLAYED IN THAT LITTLE ACME STOCK SWINDLE? WHAT'S THE MATTER ... DID I HIT HOME THAT TIME?

I...ER... I'M SURE WE CAN STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING IN AN AMICABLE WAY, H-HENRY.

YOU FORGET MY CRIMES... AND I FORGET YOURS, EH?

Y-YES... THAT ARRANGEMENT MIGHT BE BEST FOR ALL CONCERNED. I'D LIKE TO SEAL OUR BARGAIN WITH A HAND-SHAKE... AND PERHAPS WE CAN TALK THE WHOLE THING OVER AT PLACE. IS 9:30 ALRIGHT?

FINE! YOUR HOUSE...AT 9:30 SHARP!



At a few minutes before the appointed hour that night, the nervous host made his last minute preparations...



HE'S WILLING TO SETTLE OUR MISUNDERSTANDING AMICABLY, IS HE? I CAN'T THINK OF A FRIENDLIER WAY TO BURY THE AXE THAN OVER A DRINK OF HIS OWN FAVORITE BRAND OF RYE...



LAWBREAKERS

ONE RYE HIGHBALL FOR ME,
ONE FOR HIM. AND..BECAUSE
HE'S MY GUEST.. I'LL ADD
SOMETHING EXTRA TO BULLER'S
DRINK. SORT OF A SURPRISE!



AH, MY GUEST ARRIVES
ON THE DOT OF 9:30. ANXIOUS,
I'M SURE, TO START BLACK-
MAILING ME OVER THAT
ACME STOCK!



COME RIGHT IN, HENRY.
I WANT TO APOLOGIZE
FOR LOSING MY
HEAD IN THE
OFFICE THIS
AFTERNOON...



LAWBREAKERS

DON'T MAKE A RUN FOR THE DOOR, ROGET... STEEL TRAVELS FASTER THAN YOUR MISERABLE LEGS!

BLAM!

AGHHH!

YOU'LL NEVER TALK **NOW** FOOL! BEFORE I LEAVE, I THINK I'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR HOSPITALITY ... AND HAVE THAT DRINK YOU OFFERED!

MY FAVORITE RYE ... I THINK YOU CALLED IT... TO GET THE CHILL OFF MY BONES! A TOAST TO YOU, ROGET... FOR YOUR GOOD TASTE IN LIQUOR!

DELICIOUS! SINCE YOU WON'T BE JOINING ME, ROGET, I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE OTH...W-WHAT'S THIS?

G GOOD LORD... W-WHAT DID I DRINK?



WHAT DID HENRY BULLIER DRINK? WAS IT THE GLASS HIS PARTNER PLANNED FOR HIMSELF... OR WAS IT THE ONE FILLED WITH DEADLY YOU-KNOW-WHAT? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE STORY'S ENDING TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 400 MADISON AVENUE., NEW YORK, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF "LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES." THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT... AND \$10 IN CASH!

LAWBREAKERS

DEAR READERS... WE WERE SWAMPED BY HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO OUR FOUR PAGE QUIZ, "D" AS IN DEATH... IN OUR LAST ISSUE OF LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE. WE REGRET THAT WE WERE NOT ABLE TO USE MORE OF YOUR ANSWERS, BECAUSE MANY OF THEM WERE NEAR HITS. HOWEVER WE'VE COME UP WITH THE WINNER'S ANSWER TO "D" AS IN DEATH. ILLUSTRATED HERE AND THE WINNER IS PAUL WHITMORE 355 EDDY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA.

THANKS PAUL AND PRIZE OF \$10 IS ON IT'S WAY TO YOU. EDITOR.

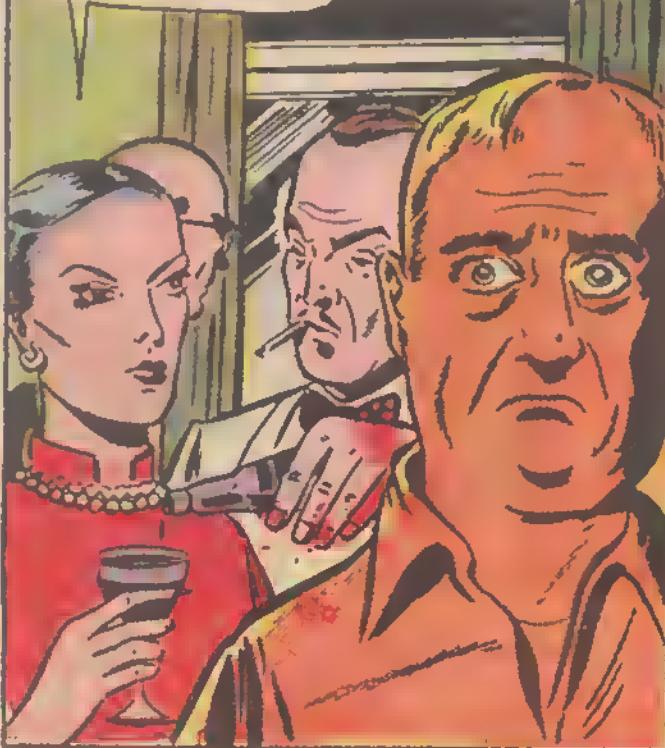
ANSWER TO "D" AS IN DEATH

SYNOPSIS

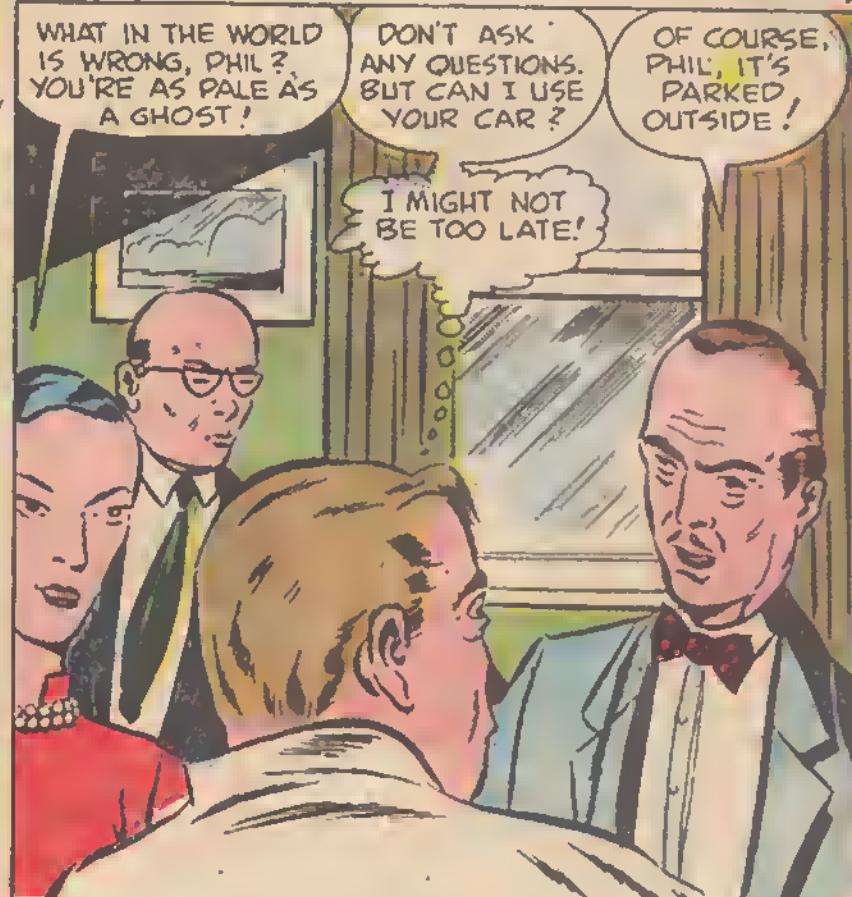
PHIL ROSS... OVERHEARD LARRY, HIS BEST FRIEND, AND HIS (PHIL'S) WIFE, SANDRA MAKING PLANS, FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS HIS OWN UNTIMELY END... THE SCENE OPENS, AS PHIL HAS PUNCTURED THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE LINES, AND CUT THE EMERGENCY BRAKE CABLE, ON LARRY'S CAR. THEY'LL NEVER MAKE DEAD MAN'S TURN, PHIL THOUGHT WITH DEMONIAC GLEE. THE BELL RANG, AND PHIL ANSWERED THE DOOR, TO FIND VISITORS INQUIRING FOR LARRY AND SANDRA.... NOW ON WITH THE STORY...



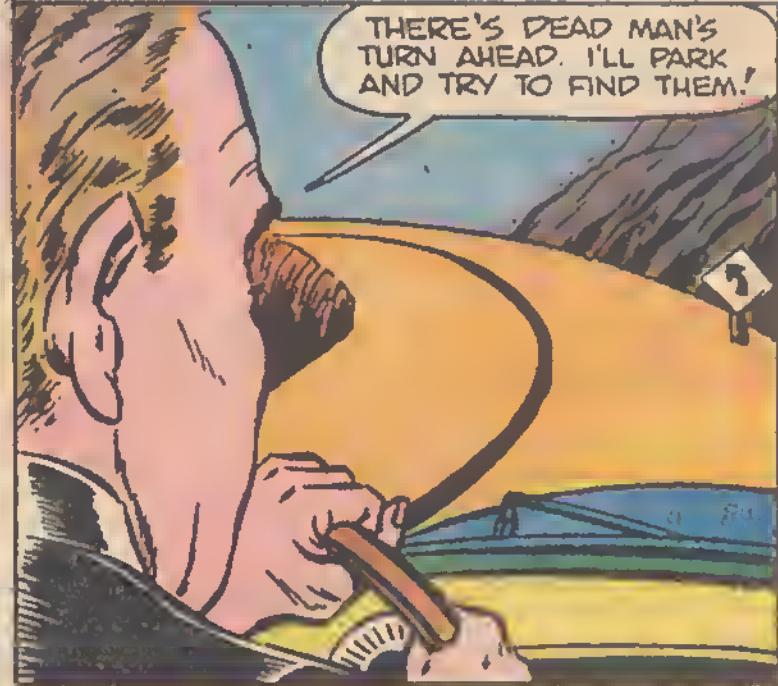
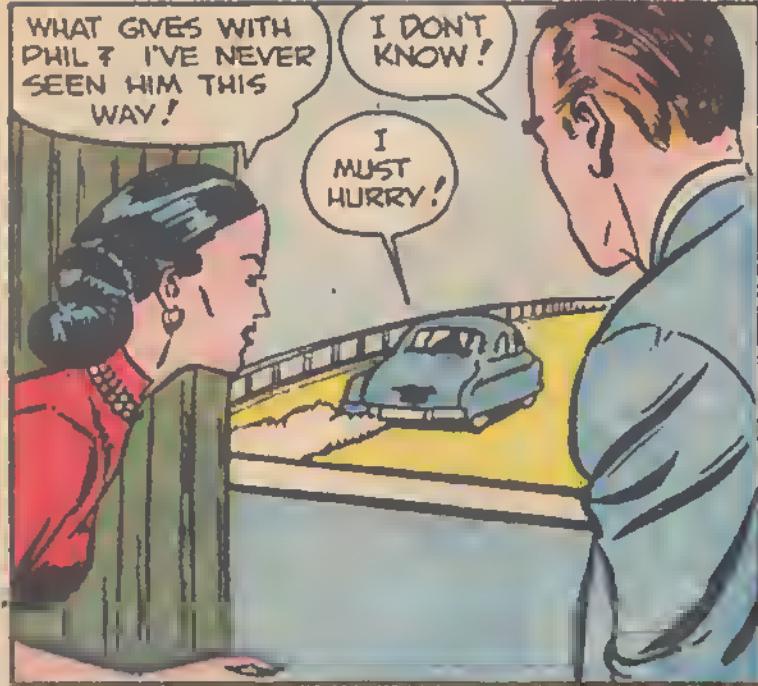
OH, GOOD! THEY'LL BE BACK SOON THEN. THEY PROBABLY WENT TO TAKE SANDRA'S AND YOUR LUGGAGE TO THE AIRPORT. LARRY BEING YOUR BEST FRIEND DECIDED TO TREAT YOU BOTH TO A SECOND HONEYMOON AND GOING AWAY PARTY FOR YOUR ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT!



PHIL GASPED... IT COULDN'T BE... HE... HEARD... THEM... NO I MUST BE DREAMING... MAYBE THEY'RE NOT DEAD... I HAVE TO SEE (S-AS-IN-SURPRISE, PHIL)



LAWBREAKERS



MEANTIME... WHAT IS THIS? LARRY AND SANDRA? YES DEAR READERS "RATE" IS A FICKLE MISTRESS! THE CONDITION OF THE BRAKES WAS DISCOVERED WHEN LARRY RAN INTO THE REAR OF A TRUCK. ONLY AN (M AS IN MINOR ACCIDENT.) WE PICK THEM UP COMING INTO DEAD MAN'S TURN!



LAWBREAKERS

IT WAS A PERFECT SETUP FOR BILL BRANNAN, BLACKSHEEP OF A ONCE WELL-TO-DO FAMILY. HE COULD INDULGE IN HIS PENT-UP DESIRE... AND AT THE SAME TIME MAKE MONEY! IT WAS PERFECT, THAT IS, UNTIL HE HAD HIS...

TRAIL BY FIRE

BY

LOOK AT THE FLAMES, CLAYTON... THIS I'M GOING TO ENJOY!

THE BUILDING'S GOING TO FALL... THOSE POOR KIDS ARE TRAPPED!

GIORDANO TRAPANI

YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND! YOU'RE GOING TO **ENJOY** SEEING THOSE CHILDREN KILLED?

IT'S THE **FIRE** I LIKE TO SEE, MAXWELL - AND DON'T **YOU** START GETTING HIGH AND MIGHTY... **YOU** WERE THE ONE WHO BUILT THE BUILDING.. AND I KNOW WHAT KIND OF MATERIALS **YOU** USED !

LAWBREAKERS

SHUT UP, BILL! MAYBE I DID CUT A FEW CORNERS ON CONSTRUCTION COSTS, BUT I DIDN'T PLAN THIS! AS FOR YOU, YOU TAKE SUCH A FIENDISH DELIGHT IN WATCHING FIRES...

THAT'S MY BUSINESS. IT GIVES ME A KICK.. AND SO FAR IT ALSO PAYS MY LIVING EXPENSES. NOW LET'S GET TO THE RESTAURANT AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'VE COOKED UP!

CLAYTON, FEARFUL OF BRANNAN AND HIS KNOWLEDGE, YET STRANGELY ATTRACTED, WAS MORE THAN WILLING TO LISTEN TO REASON...

I CURSE THE DAY YOU EVER FOUND OUT HOW I OPERATE! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN THIS TIME?

SIMPLE, I'M GOING TO MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE! YOU OWN THE WAREHOUSE ON DELANEY STREET, RIGHT? WELL, JUST MAKE SURE IT'S INSURED FOR TWENTY THOUSAND, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

FIFTY PERCENT FOR YOU.. AND YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR. BETTER DO AS I SAY OR THE BUILDING BOARD WILL LEARN A FEW INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR CONSTRUCTION COMPANY!

CLAYTON DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, AND A FEW WEEKS LATER FOUND BILL BRANNAN HARD AT 'WORK'...

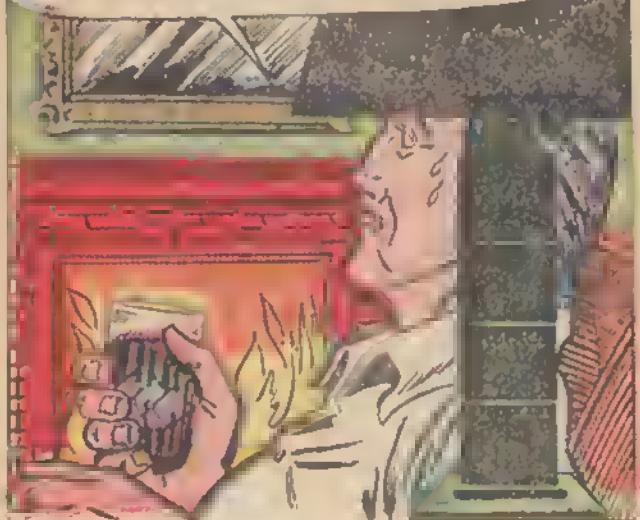
WHAT A BLAZE THIS'LL MAKE! THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!

IT WAS A BEAUTY, ALL RIGHT. NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY, AND AS BILL WATCHED, HE HAD VISIONS OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS SOON TO COME!

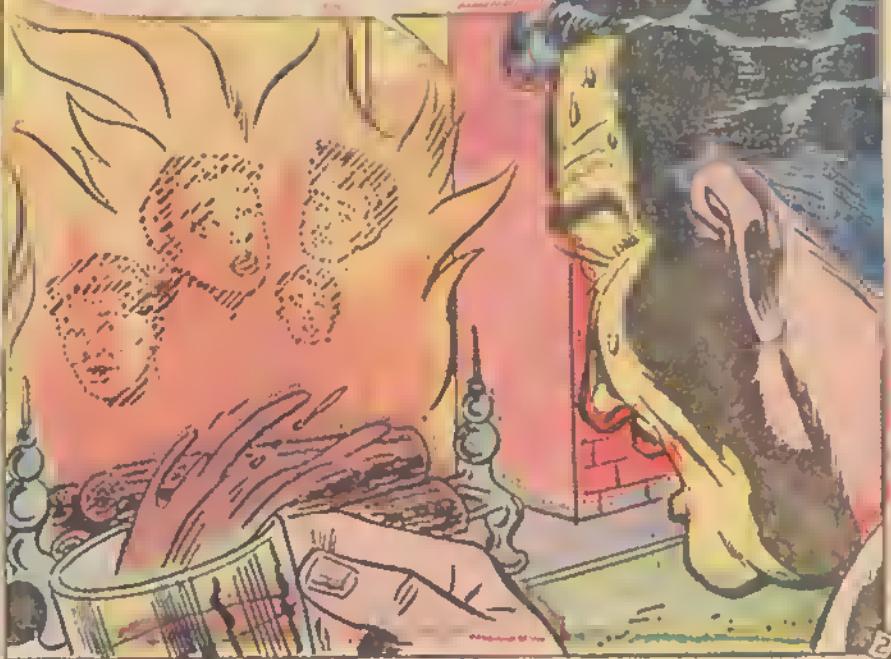


BUT FOR CLAYTON MAXWELL, OTHER NOT-SO-PLEASANT VISIONS FILLED HIS MIND!

CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE KIDS IN THE SCHOOL! SUPPOSE BRANNAN STARTED THAT FIRE, JUST FOR FUN! WHAT'S THAT...

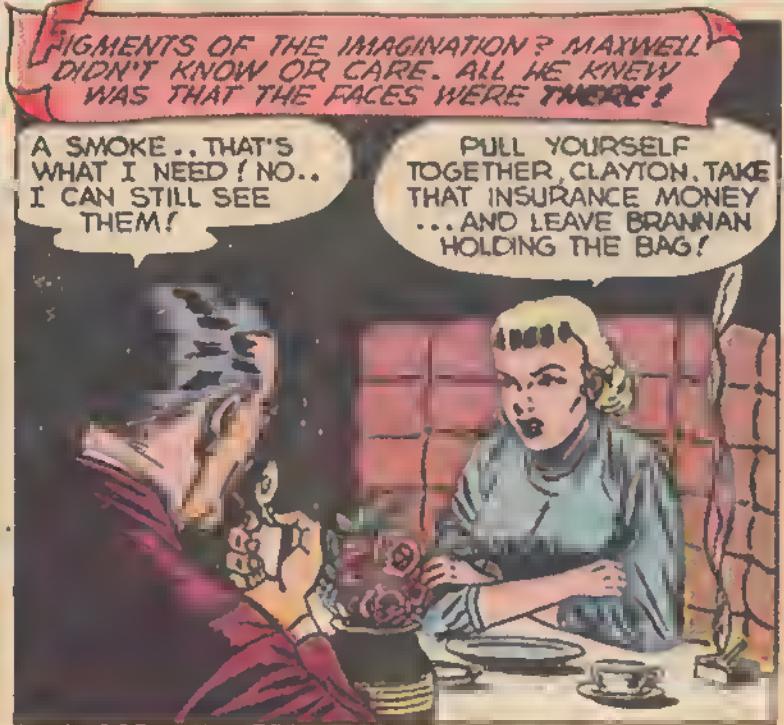
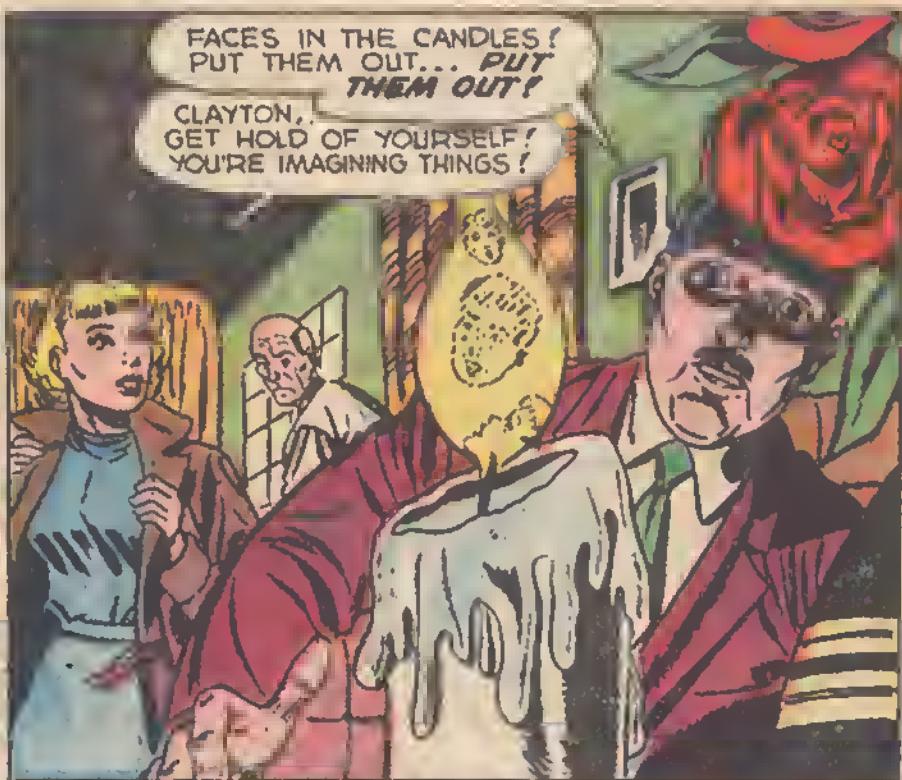
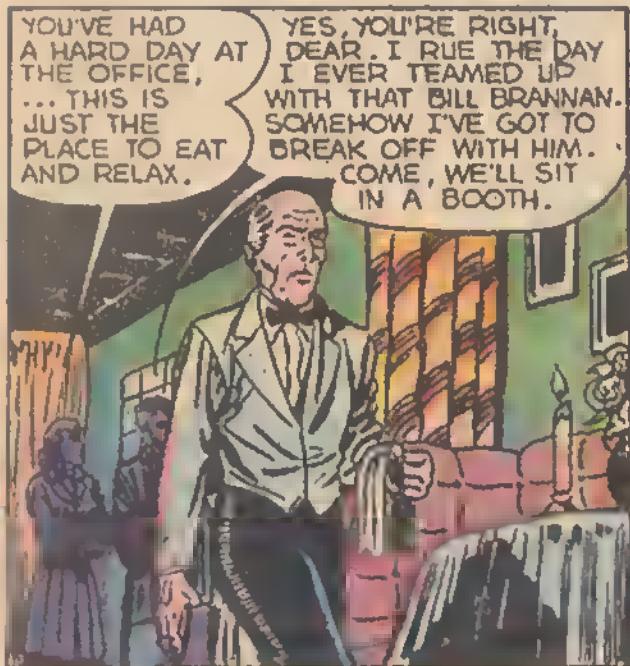


FACES IN THE FIRE! NO, IT CAN'T BE! I MUST HAVE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK!



LAWBREAKERS

BUT ALCOHOL DIDN'T HELP! TERRIFIED, MAXWELL TURNED TO MARY NELLIS FOR ADVICE...



YES, WHY NOT! WE CAN CROSS THE BORDER AND HE'LL NEVER FIND US. GO TO YOUR APARTMENT AND I'LL PICK YOU UP LATER!



LAWBREAKERS

LATER, IN MAXWELL'S APARTMENT.

TWENTY THOUSAND, THAT'LL HOLD US FOR A WHILE! ABOUT TIME I LEFT, ANYWAY. SOME OF THOSE JOBS I CHEATED ON WERE BOUND TO CATCH UP WITH ME!



AND MINUTES LATER, WHEN MAXWELL'S BRAIN CLEARED...



AND SO CLAYTON MAXWELL DIED AT THE HANDS OF A MASTER ARSONIST.. AND BEFORE BILL BRANNAN LAY A FUTURE BRIGHT WITH MONEY, AND FAME OF A SORT!

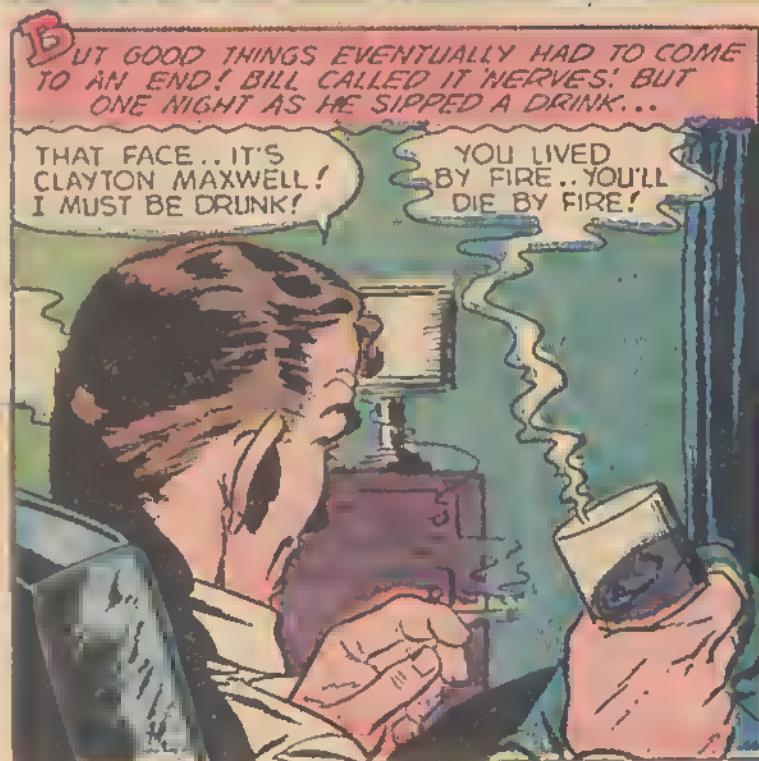
LAWBREAKERS

THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE PICKED UP BILL AND TOOK HIM TO HEAD-QUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING...



BRANNAN WASN'T KIDDING! ALL OVER THE CITY THE FLAMES STARTED SPURTING, AND SOMEHOW BRANNAN WAS NEVER CAUGHT. A FEW OF THE FIRES WERE JUST FOR FUN AND KICKS...

WHILE OTHERS WERE FOR MONEY, FOR INSTANCE, A FIRE OF MYSTERIOUS ORIGIN BROKE OUT IN THE BERRIN CHEMICAL PLANT, BUT IT WASN'T SO MYSTERIOUS TO BILL OR THE OWNER. THEY SHARED THE FIFTY THOUSAND IN INSURANCE!

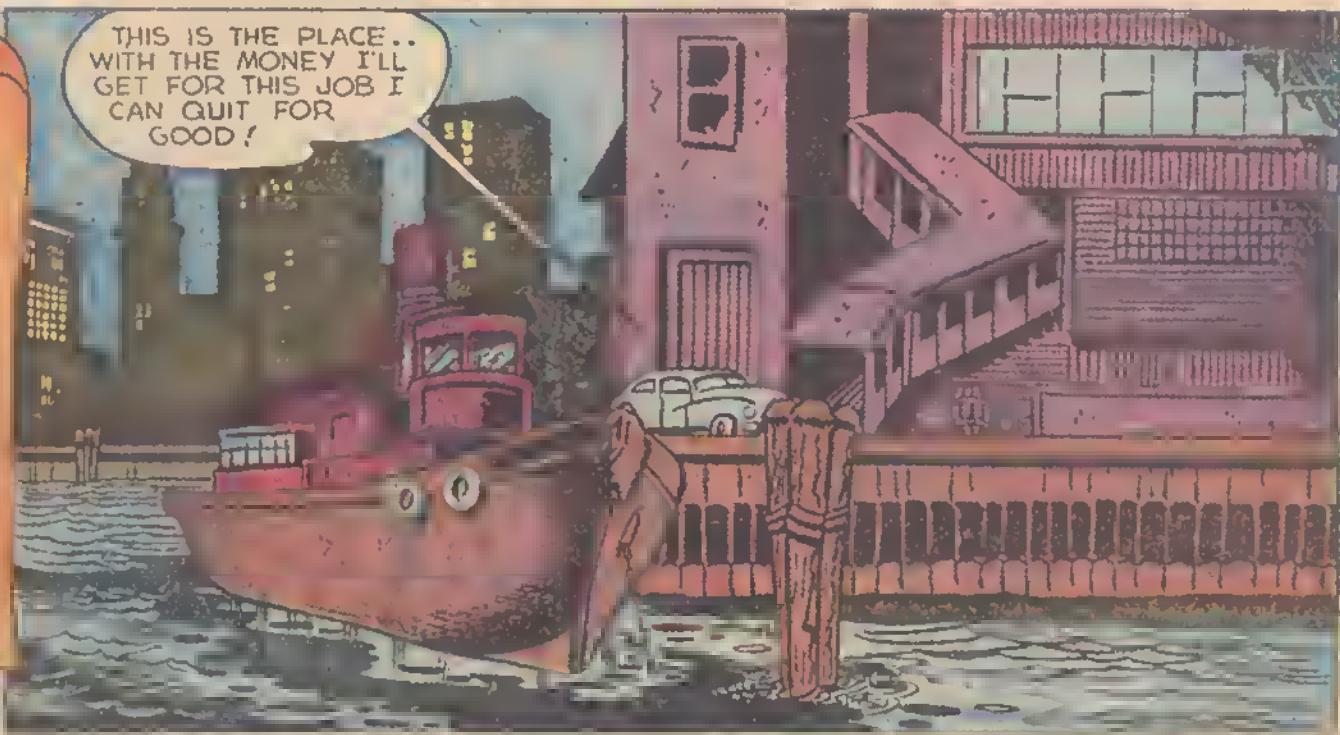


BILL DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT HIS SPREE IN CRIME WAS ALMOST OVER.. IT WAS TIME FOR HIS TRIAL BY FIRE!

LAWBREAKERS

ONE LAST JOB! THAT NIGHT BILL BRANNAN DROVE DOWN TO THE DARKENED WATERFRONT, BUT HE WAS STILL UNABLE TO QUIET THE BUTTERFLIES IN HIS STOMACH...

THIS IS THE PLACE... WITH THE MONEY I'LL GET FOR THIS JOB I CAN QUIT FOR GOOD!



IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO GET INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE WITH THE KEY THE OWNER HAD GIVEN HIM.. AND BILL WAS ONCE AGAIN AT 'WORK'...

I'LL HAVE CLOSE TO A HUNDRED THOUSAND... WITH THAT KIND OF MONEY I CAN LIVE LIKE A KING FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! FUNNY, THOUGH, I KEEP THINKING I HEAR CLAYTON MAXWELL'S VOICE!

IT IS MAX! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO GET ME!



THE FIRE ESCAPE.. THAT'S IT! GOT TO GET OUT WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! I'M NOT GOING TO LET MAX MAKE ME FLUB THIS CHANCE!



WHAT'S THAT? A SIREN! MAYBE THE POLICE GOT A TIP ON ME! BUT THEY'LL COME UP THE FRONT WAY.. AND I'LL MAKE MY GETAWAY FROM THE REAR!

WHOOOEEEEE

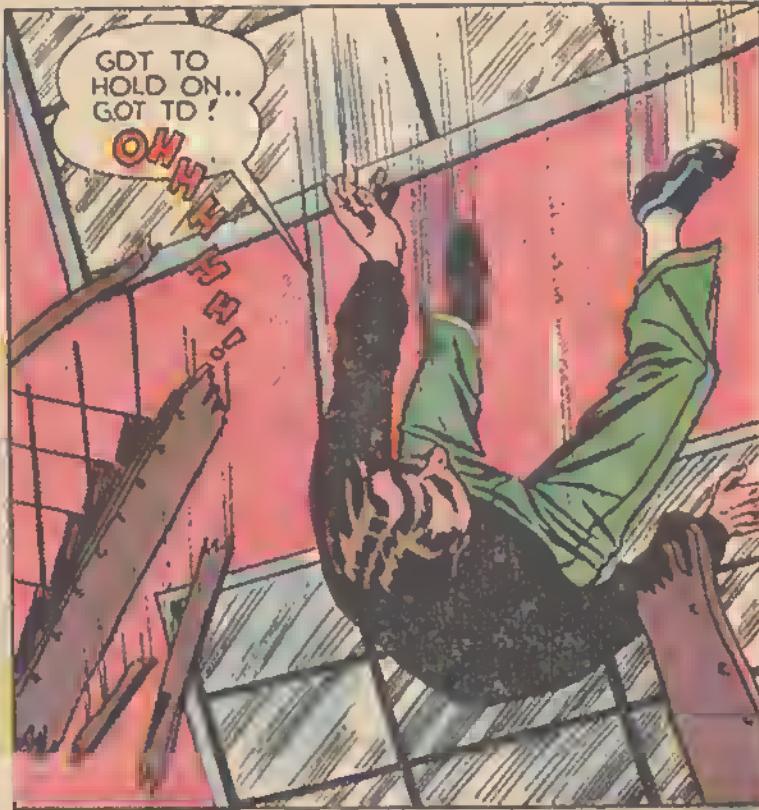
BILL BRANNAN RAN TO THE RICKETY FIRE ESCAPE AS THE FLAMES SPREAD, SURE THAT HIS ONE LAST JOB WAS IN THE BAG ...

I MUST BE WACKY! I STILL KEEP HEARING MAX'S VOICE... SAYING HE'LL GET BACK AT ME!



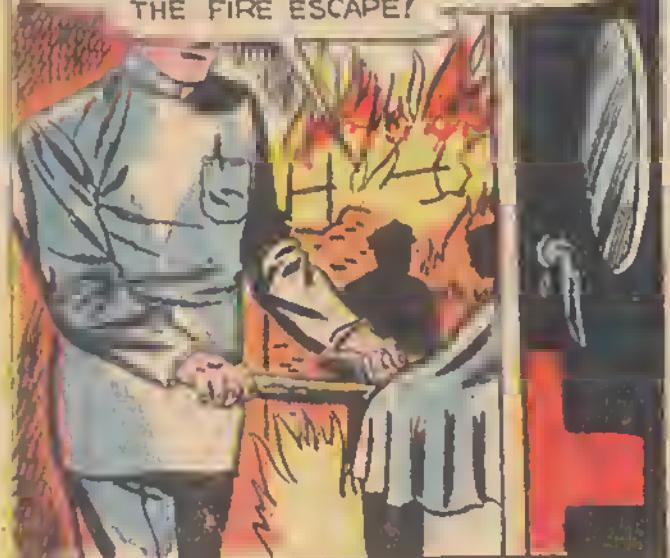
LAWBREAKERS

THIS FIRE IS SPREADING FASTER THAN I THOUGHT! HEY! SOMETHING'S WRONG.. THIS THING'S FALLING APART!

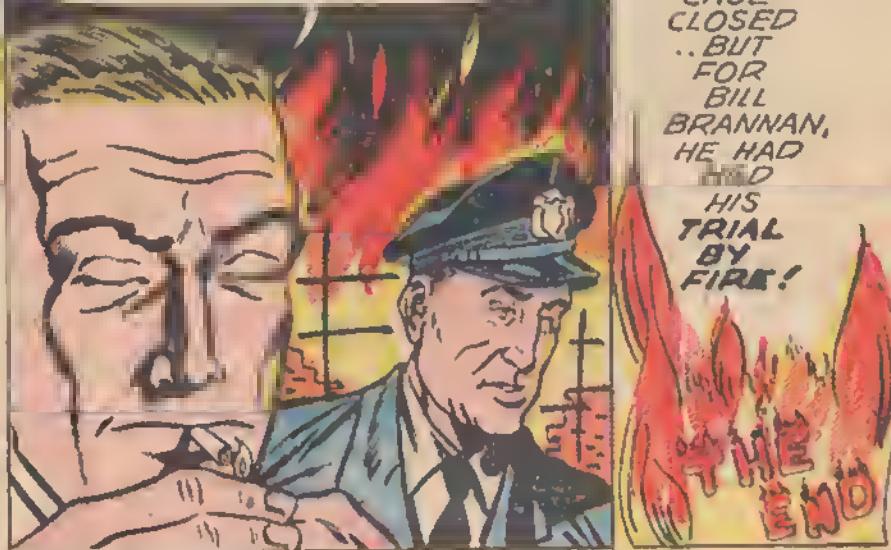


RIGHT.. BUT WE COULD NEVER PROVE THAT BRANNAN KILLED HIM! TALK ABOUT IRONY, THIS IS THE CLINCHER! THIS GUY MADE HIS LIVING BY SETTING FIRES.. AND THE VERY THING THAT KILLED HIM SHOULD HAVE SAVED HIM...

THE FIRE ESCAPE!



DOUBLE IRONY, I CALL IT! MAXWELL WAS MIXED UP IN SOME SHADY BUILDING CONTRACTS USING CHEAP MATERIAL.. AND MAXWELL WAS THE ONE THAT BUILT THIS WAREHOUSE WITH THE FAULTY FIRE ESCAPE!



LAWBREAKERS

FOR WEEKS PAUL KLING HAD OBSERVED THE TIME-MECHANISM CONTROLLING THE HUGE BANK VAULT DOOR. HE KNEW TO A SPLIT-SECOND WHEN THE VAULT OPENED AUTOMATICALLY EACH DAY... TO THE LAST BREATH THE AMOUNT OF OXYGEN THE VAULT CONTAINED. THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIS...

CHANCE of a LIFETIME!



THE DOOR'S SHUT... AND NO ONE CAN OPEN IT UNTIL THE TIME-MECHANISM RELEASES THE LOCK AT 9 O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING! NOW TO GET TO WORK!!

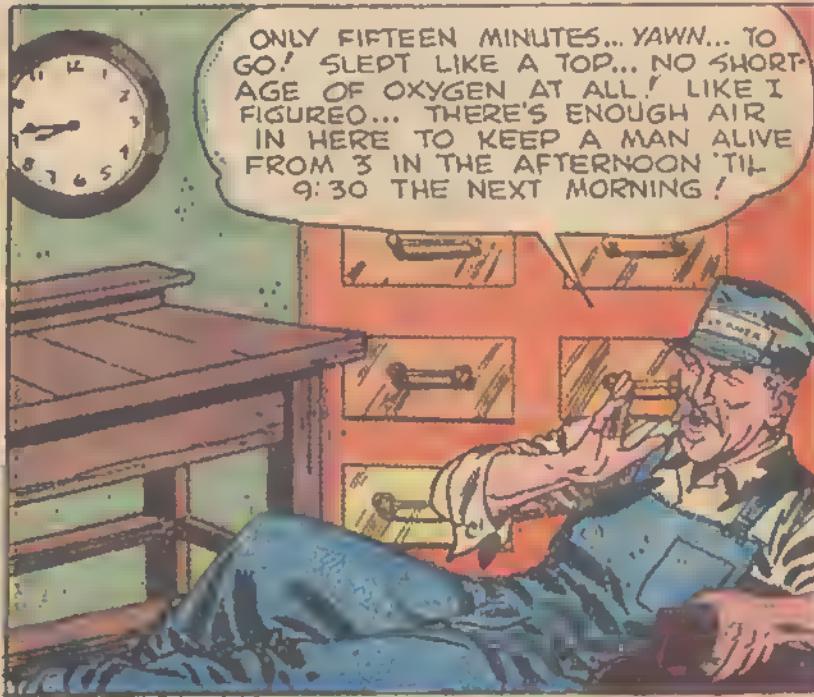


LAWBREAKERS

THAT FINISHES THE JOB... OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THAT VALISE! JUST WAITING FOR ME TO WALK OUT WITH IT THE MOMENT THE DOORS OPEN AT 9 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! AND NOTHING TO DO... BUT DREAM ABOUT HOW I'M GOING TO SPEND THE DOUGH!



THE HOURS SPED QUICKLY FOR PAUL KLING, AFTER HE FELL ASLEEP IN THE QUIET CHAMBER. AFTER HE AWOKE...



ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO GO NOW! AS SOON AS THOSE DOORS BEGIN TO SLIDE OPEN, OUT I POP! THE BANK GUARDS'LL BE SO SURPRISED I'LL BE BLOCKS FROM HERE BEFORE THEY GIVE THE ALARM!



I- IT CAN'T BE! T-THE CLOCK SAYS 9:05... YET THE VAULT HAS BEEN OPENING AT 9 O'CLOCK EVERY FRIDAY FOR WEEKS! T-THERE ISN'T MUCH OXYGEN LEFT IN HERE...



ONLY ENOUGH OXYGEN LEFT TO KEEP ME ALIVE FOR 5 MINUTES MORE! T-THE WHOLE THING'S CRAZY! LET ME OUT... HELP! S-SOMEONE.... HELP!

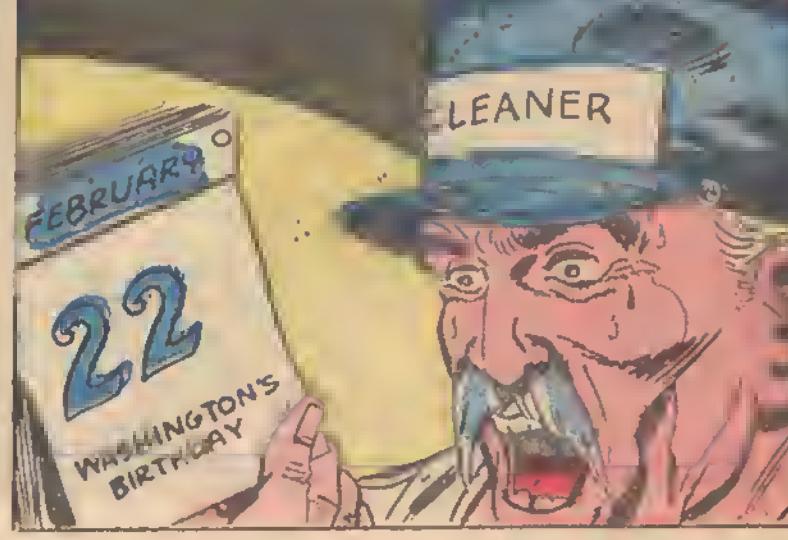


F- FOR WEEKS I CHECKED THE TIME - MECHANISM... AND IT NEVER FAILED TO OPEN THE VAULT DOOR AT 9! I CAN HARDLY... GASP... BREATHE NOW! NO MORE OXY... WHAT'S THIS? A CALENDAR... IT CAN'T BE!!!



T-TODAY... GASP... IS FEBRUARY 22! WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY!!! THE BANK... GASP... DOESN'T OPEN 'TILL MONDAY!

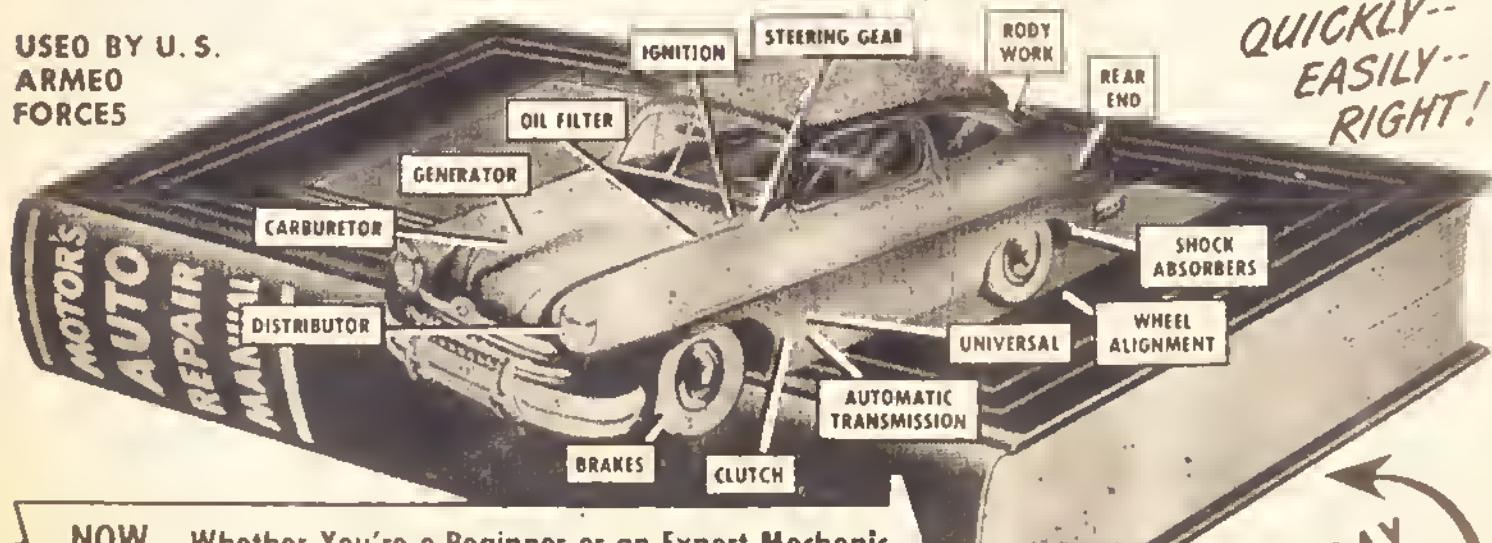
I-I'M DOOMED!!!



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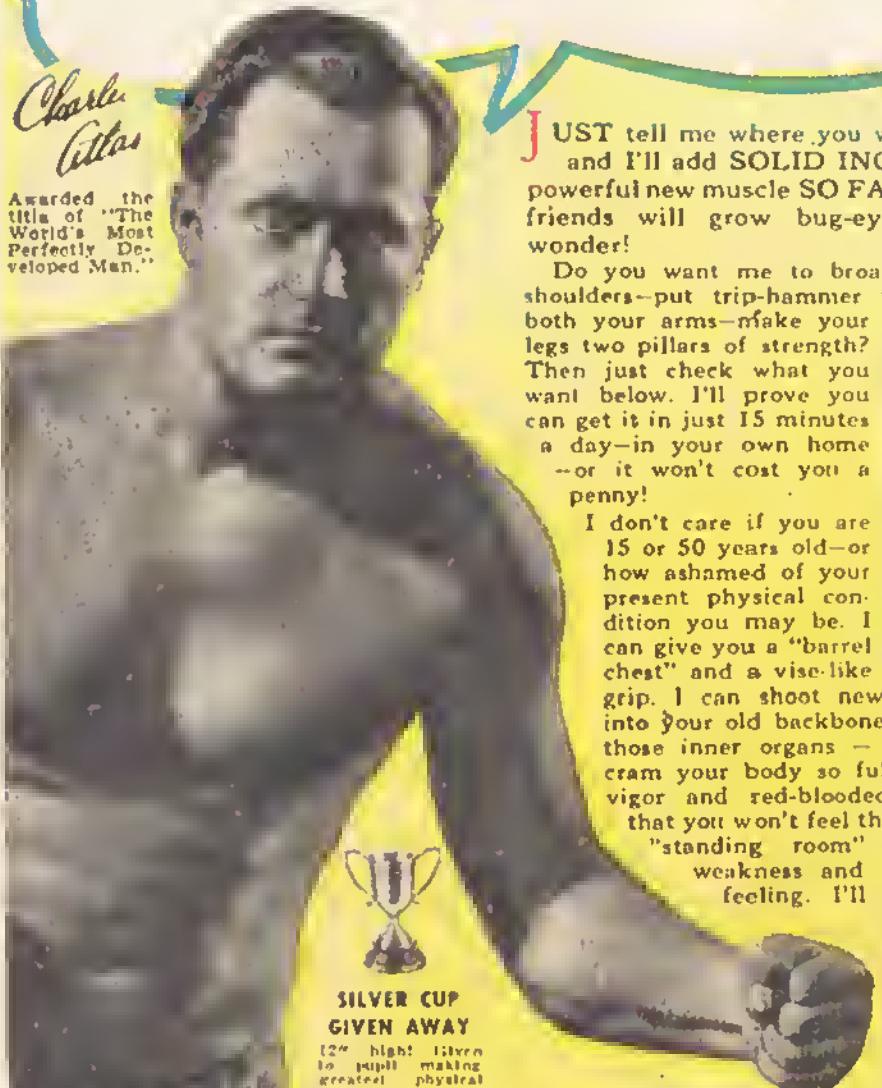
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